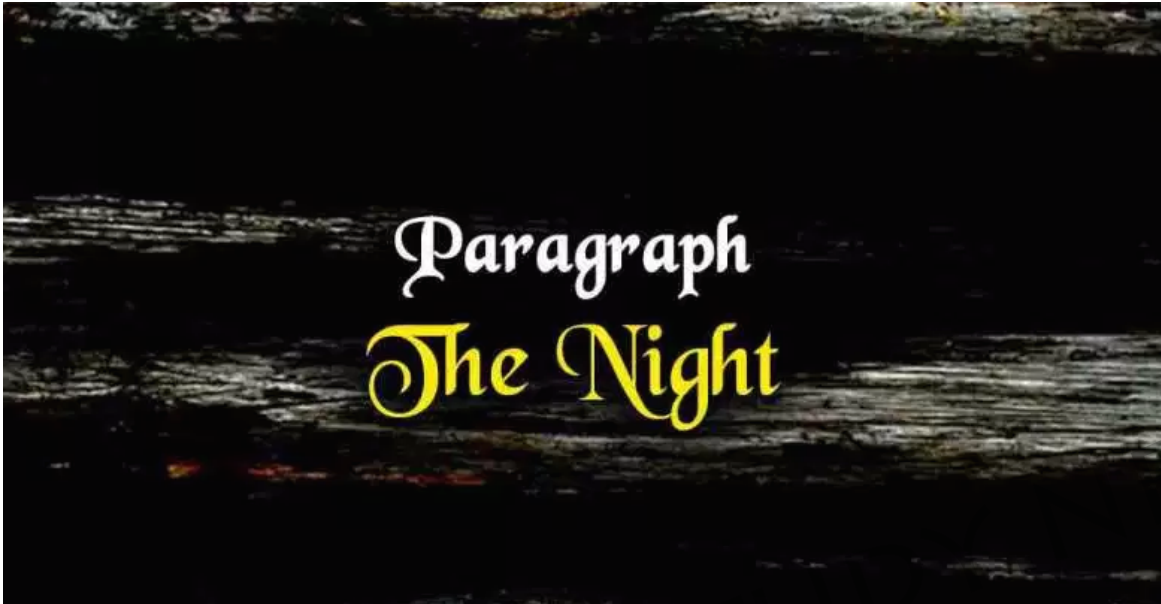


Short Paragraph on The Night

Editorial Staff • April 2, 2019 ■ 1 minute read



*"Oh, sweet and beautiful is the night,
When the silver moon is high.
And countless stars like clustering gems
Hang sparkling in the sky."*

The day is for work, and the night is for rest. Those who violate this principle suffer. In very cold countries, when, in winter, there is dense fog, and the sun does not shine till midday, people may find it impossible to work during the day, and may have to work during the night, but that example should not be followed in hot countries like Pakistan.

In Pakistan, the nights are very beautiful especially in summer. The blue sky: spangled with bright stars which seem to hang like so many tiny lamps, the moon moving like a queen among them, make the scene beautiful picturesque. The mellow light of the moon, bathing the world in calm glory, brings inexpressible peace and delight to the mind and body. The weary man, the sportive child, the busy mistress, and the sweating labourer, all breathe a sigh of relief, when the night comes, and they lie at ease on their

cots, watching with wonder the movements of these heavenly bodies, and peopling them with the help of their own imagination.

The night is the time for calm reflection, also. During the day, the noise and hustle is so great that concentration is impossible, but the night is so calm that one is irresistibly drawn towards meditation and contemplation. Of course, the night gives cover to the thief and the evil doer, also, but it affords calm peace to the thinker who matures his plans, and to the Yogi who holds communion with his Maker. Night vigils are recommended in every religion, and the reason is obvious. At night, man can better engage himself in spiritual exercises, because nothing can distract his attention at that time.

Moonlight nights are surpassingly beautiful; the refreshing coolness, the peaceful quiet, and the restful repose are really enjoyable. The moonlight has the magic power of enhancing the beauty of everything it falls upon. The silvery sheet which falls on rivers and mountains, trees and buildings, invests them with a glory which defies description. Even ugly things look beautiful.